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THE REAL

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GH0STBUSTERS™



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What a *mammoth* issue we've got for you this week! Firstly, there's the terrifying tale of life in the fast lane, when the boys find that after recently washing ECTO-1, they can't do a thing with it! Anyway, there are strange goings on down on the highway in this week's **Winston's Diary!**

As if things weren't *haiky* enough for them at the best of times, along comes **Mammoth Tusk!** And you thought you were bad tempered when you first got woken up! Apart from the final instalment of **Ghost Gangsters** and all your regular favourites, there's a special readers' offer for you to win one of thirty **Slimer Joke Books** from **Collins**.

Don't forget next week is the **one hundredth** issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, and to celebrate this momentous occasion there will be a special **Real Ghostbusters Toy Competition**. Don't miss it!

CONTENTS

Mammoth Tusk!	3
Spengler's Spirit Guide	8
Winston's Diary!	10
Ghostbusters' Fact File: Deadquarters	13
Ghost Gangsters - Part Five	15
Dead True!	20
Slime Time/Slimer Joke Books Readers' Offer	21
Ghost Writing	22
Next Issue/Blimey! It's Slimer!	23

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDEMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

RED SQUARE, MOSCOW, THE SOVIET UNION...



DON'T WORRY, MAN. I HAVE WORKED WITH THEM BEFORE. THEY ARE THE ONLY MEN FOR THE JOB.



HEY, PETER, MY MAIN COMRADE. SLIP ME SOME OF YOUR SKIN AND GIVE ME FIVE OF YOUR FINGERS!



WE UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE A PROBLEM.



MAMMOTH TASK!



SOON...

SO YOU'RE SAYING YOU HAVE A LARGE PHANTOM WOOLLY MAMMOTH RAMPAGE ACROSS THE STEPPES?

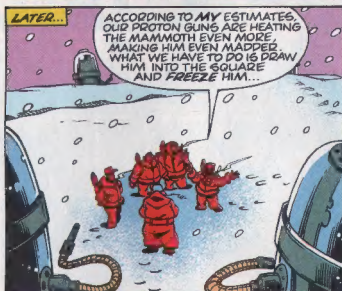
BETTER STEPPE ON IT! THEN!

YOU SEE, THE GLORIOUS 147TH TANK DIVISION WAS ON MANOEUVERS WHEN IT SPILT ANTI-FREEZE ON THE PERMAFROST. IN SO DOING, THEY THAWED OUT THE ENRAGED SPIRIT OF THIS PREHISTORIC BEAST. THE TANKS ARE TRYING TO CONTAIN IT NOW...

YOU DON'T SAY?









SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Spirit Echoes

Recently, we've encountered a number of massive phantoms that have turned out to be the psychic echoes of enormous creatures from the past. We've had mammoths in Russia, brontosaurus in Arizona and ghostly whales all over the place. There was even a poodle in Brunswick, but that didn't make the front page.

Cline Saville of the *American Institute For Making Things Up*, has recently suggested (on *The Harry Clamping Show*) that these spirit echoes are not as random or accidental as first imagined. Up until now, paragnostologists have supposed that psychic resonances occur in particular conditions of climate, time and place, and are drastically affected by the number of sticky buns in a twenty kilometer radius. (See the findings of Denver Pilfer, *How Many Sticky Buns in Westchester County?* A *Door-To-Door Survey*, Offwahl and Kretinhouse \$83.99). They occur, say experts, as spontaneously as dry rot, rainbows or the funny item about a hang-gliding squirrel at the end of *The News*. Saville reckons differently.

Saville's theory revolves around some ancient Erudlian texts found in a cave in Upper Thramp five years ago by the archaeologist Wilfred Antioch. The texts,



PART 99

carved into terracotta tablets with the business end of an emery board, are dated at around 134 A.D. during the fifth repeat of *Dynasty*, and are a learned treatise on the arch-demon Ygliche. Ygliche is a Class seven, and is famous in the echelons of the Supercosmos for his amazing thaumaturgical power over other, lesser spirits. The Erudlian texts, Saville claims, proves that Ygliche has put himself in business producing powerful Spirit Echoes for high muckety muck demons who can afford his prices. In simple terms, Ygliche has taken the naturally occurring and quite harmless phenomenon of Spirit Echoes and commercialized it. Saville reports that there are branches of *Yg's Price* all over the layers of Gehenna where arch demons with spare cash in their trousers

can pick up a copy of 'Rampaging Allosaurus - The Movie' or 'Megatherium Mixed Up Madness' or 'Attack of the Mosasaur' or whatever else they think will be a real scream to broadcast into our dimension. It's a bit like being annoyed when you can hear your neighbour's tape of Kylie blaring through the wall. A bit like that except with more big, sharp pointy teeth.

So far, Ygliche's industry is in its infancy, but already he's made so much money out of the craze that he's become a multi-millionaire. As jet-setting playhoul, he's always in the gossip columns of the Supercosmic rags - he's bought his own Numbly Team (The Vermithrax Vermin), he's married the daughter of the billionaire earth elemental, Rockafaulter, and he's planning a solo expedition across the Brimstone Ocean in a hot air conversation. One can only marvel at the prospect of how much money and trouble he's going to make when he improves his technology - extended play Spirit Echoes, portable Spirit Echo players, your favourite echoes on CD ... and of course there's the dire news of the newly-founded Annual Awards Ceremony for the best echo - the *Brats*. The prospect for the human race looks grim ...

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WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story **DAN ABNETT**  Art **BRIAN WILLIAMSON** and **DAVE HARWOOD** and **ROBIN BOUTTELL**

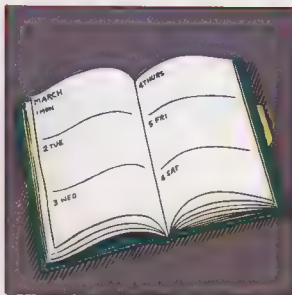
Thursday, 26th April 1990

A job well done! After four days of solid detective work, we managed to track and bust the phantom of Charlton Carmine, the demon bookseller of Damelea County. That terrible, shadowy figure had haunted the old streets of Damelea for forty years now, rapping on doors in the dead of night and terrifying people into buying volume after volume of encyclopedias. The horror had been too much for many. Lydia Rusk had gone mad in 1984 after she found her house entirely filled with forty nine thousand copies of the 'F-G' volume. Raoul Nospca moved to Nebraska after Carmine started knocking on his door and ringing his bell every seven minutes, all through the night.

It's a funny thing though. As I was driving back to New York in ECTO-1, I had the funniest sensation. I'm pretty used to all the others complaining about my driving, but there I was, in the fast lane, and suddenly I felt like I was going faster and faster and that I couldn't stop. I slammed on the anchors then, and pulled into the inside lane. The highway was empty and bare. It was the darndest thing.

Friday, 27th April 1990

I was holding the fort today, whilst the others were out doing our 'thing'. Just after four o'clock, I got a call from Peter, who'd been out most of the day in Allentown, setting time-release Traps for a micro-demonic infestation. On the phone, he told me that he was at a garage just off the Interstate, having some repairs done to ECTO-1, on account of the fact that he'd had a bit of a crash on the way home. He said he'd been cruising along in the fast lane, when suddenly the car seemed to be getting faster and faster and he'd been so surprised, that he'd braked hard and skidded into the roadside barriers. In the words of the Emperor Nero as he looked out of his bedroom window and smelt smoke: "Something's up."



Saturday, 28th April 1990

Today was really awful. It was bad enough for Peter and me to have to spend the day in a slime-filled cellar in New Jersey, recalibrating the frequency of a PKE Meter with sticky hands until it hit the correct ecto-resonance and showed us the source of the phantom energy. We came back by taxi, tired and very slimy. The taxi was necessary because Egon and Ray had taken ECTO-1 off to the highway to check out our reports that there was 'something up' with the fast lane of the Interstate. They didn't come back. The evening wore on and there was no sign of them. As I write this now (9.00pm) Peter's getting our stuff ready and Janine's organizing a rental car so we can take off and look for them. Gotta go. Finish this later.

Sunday, 29th April 1990

If I ever write about what's just happened in an autobiography, I'm going to call it 'Adventures At High Speed'. Peter and I reached the Highway by 10.30 and found it as empty and desolate as it had been the other day. We didn't know where to begin, so I suggested we did what we had been doing before in order to try and trigger the same result. Peter, who was driving the saloon we had

rented, agreed and accelerated into the fast lane of the highway. We were doing sixty plus. We both agreed that this time, if anything dodgy happened, we *wouldn't* brake suddenly.

As we raced along, we felt it happening – a strange sensation of increasing speed, of going out of control. But Peter didn't brake and before we knew what was happening, we were rocketting along so fast that the speedometer was going off the scale and the world around us was a blur.



We didn't really have much time to work out what was going on, because we quickly saw that we weren't the only ones in this high-speed world. Other cars and trucks of all shapes and sizes were rushing along with us in the same direction. Peter discovered that he could take his hands off the steering wheel now – the car was driving itself.

After who knows how long in this speeded-up dimension, we found we were pulling alongside a familiar white Cadillac. I wound down my window and shouted across to Egon and Ray. "You stuck here too?"

Egon nodded. "It's some extra-dimensional transit stream that's become misaligned with our own Interstate highway and is sucking in mortal traffic against its will."

"So where is it taking us?" Peter yelled. "I dread to think," replied Egon. "I've been working on a way to break the flow, but it's pretty dangerous. We need the full firepower of four Proton Guns. Can you two climb over on to ECTO-1, do you think?" We did. I'll spare you the traumatic detail of leaping between two objects moving at nine hundred miles per hour. You'd be too scared. At any rate, all four of us were aboard the Ghostbuster-mobile at last.

Egon asked me to take the wheel. He explained that if we did break the flow, we may find ourselves in charge of a speeding, out-of-control ECTO-1, and there was only one person who knew how to drive like that. I think I'm flattered.

Then we had to crank up our Proton Packs and take aim at the white line on the dazzling, flickering road before us. Egon warned us to be very careful. We were trying to form an extra-dimensional detour, a diversion in the fabric of ecto-space/time. 'Uh huh,' we replied and fired.

The world seemed to come apart in flashes of colour. The last thing I remember seeing before it all went black was a road sign that flashed past, reading 'HELL DAMNATION ABYSS 1 MILE'...

Then we were stationary on the highway, in the middle of the night and the highway around us was filled with hundreds and hundreds of other stationary cars and trucks, all full of equally confused drivers who'd been trapped on the hell-bound highway too.

"We did it!" stammered Ray jubilantly.

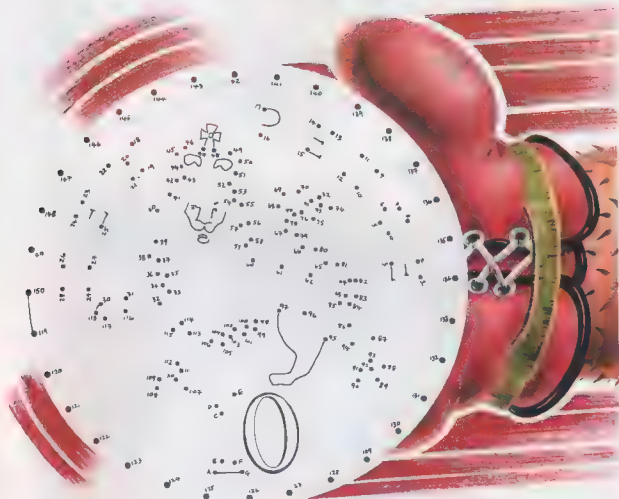
"Hey," said Peter. "If that's life in the fast lane, you can keep it!"



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DEAD QUARTERS

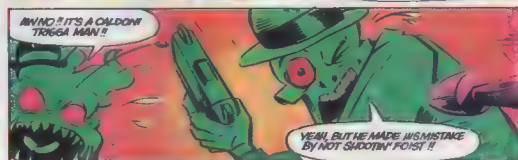
There had to come a time when all the slime that collects in Ghostbusters' HQ would affect the building itself, and this was that time. Maybe it was a leak in the Ecto-Containment Unit, but whatever it was that caused this strange transformation, it was still home sweet home to The Real Ghostbusters. There was something odd about their home though. There was

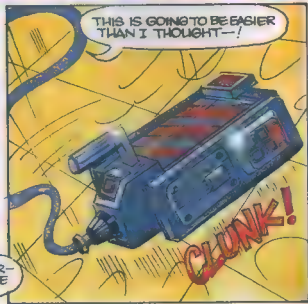
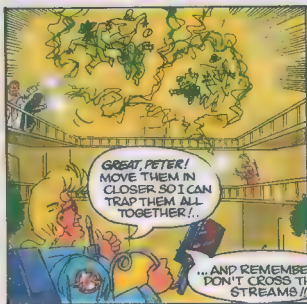
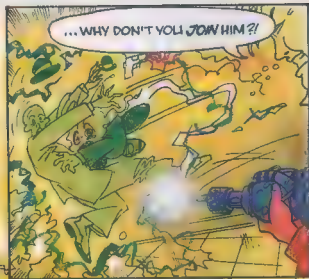
slime everywhere, the Containment Unit came to life and there were spooky Imposters of Janine and Slimer. Suddenly they realized that they were in the stomach of a huge Class one Free-Roaming Building Beastie. So, by upsetting the balance in it's ectoplasmic digestive system, they managed to escape and made sure that this 'Deadquarters' was history!

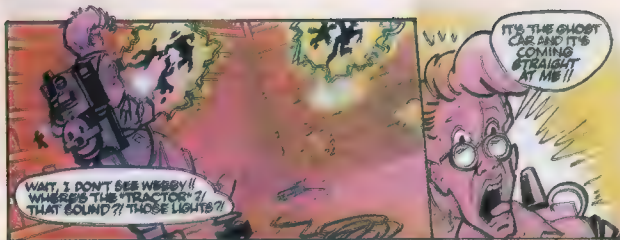


THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS

Part Five: The ghost gangsters are on the rampage in a children's hospital, and The Real Ghostbusters have intercepted them. But can they stop the ghosts before they find their target?

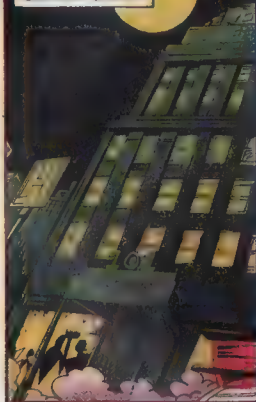








"AT THE HOSPITAL,
THE EXCITEMENT
IS OVER AND THE
CLEAN UP BEGINS."



"WHILE ABOVE IT,
IN A UNLISED
PENTHOUSE..."



"IT'S JUST THE BEGINING."

SO YA SAY SOME FEDS
WITH FANCY HEATERS
NABBED OL' WEBBY?



THAT'S WHIT
HAPPEN, BOSS

WELL, I'M NOT SURPRISED,
AFTA OUR CONVERSATION, WEBBY
DID LEAVE HERE IN A STATE!

BUT I CAN'T BEGRUDGE
OL' WEB HIS ANTICS
ALWAYS MADE DE
PURFECT DECOYS!



SO, BOSS, WE'S
GO ON AS YOU
PLANNED?

HECK YEAH!!
AIN'T NUTTIN' CHANGED!



YOUSE GIVIN'
US DA WORD
DEN?

YEAH, PASS IT AROUN' TA
ALL THE LIDERS...



...TAMARROW WE
START TA TAKE...
NEW YARK!

DEAD TRUE!

Shortly after World War Two, a rich and handsome Spanish Marquis married a young Parisian woman called Angela. His relatives disapproved of the match, but the couple loved one another dearly and were determined to spend their honeymoon in Spain at the family home. The relations treated Angela in an incredibly rude way, but the newly-weds managed to ignore their behaviour. However, one night all their plans were shattered when the young Marquis died from heart failure.

Words of comfort for the new widow were hard to come by, mainly because the in-laws were convinced that she had married for money. They resented Angela intensely and though they could not stop her from attending the funeral, they continued to snub her.

An acquaintance took pity on her and revealed the in-laws' plans to have the marriage annulled, thus insuring that she got no inheritance. The last straw came when she was told to leave Spain immediately, but the family did allow her to keep any clothes, money and jewellery that she had in her possession.

She left immediately for England where she had some friends, but bad luck followed her there. During the train ride to Calais her jewellery was stolen, leaving her without any finances.

She had only been in London for a few short weeks when her dismal existence took an upward turn. Her neighbour, a psychic, was invited to tea and during the course of the evening she told Angela about a message she had received from 'the other side'. The image she saw matched the description of the

dead Marquis, and Angela was instructed to go to the bank in Paris where a deposit box was kept in her name. Inside the box was money, jewels, various papers, a set of car keys and a garage receipt.

She took the receipt to the garage and was presented with a brand new sports car, inside which she found more valuables and a letter to her in her husband's writing. Inside the envelope was a message that read:

'My darling Angela, I did not wish to worry you unduly, but I suspect that my health is deteriorating rapidly. I have arranged for this legacy, of which my relatives know nothing, to support you financially should I die.'

Angela owed much to the psychic woman, for if she had not met her in London, she would not have discovered the deposit box with all its secrets.

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London WC2



Why do giraffes have such long necks?
Because they have smelly feet!
— Christopher Ellis, Northants

What is a hedgehog's favourite food?
Prickled onions!
— Grant Walter Thomson, Perth

What is Slimer's favourite drink?
Slime and soda!
— David Kellett, Stockport

What is Slimer's favourite airline?
British Scareways!
— Aaron Heath, Andover

Boy vampire: "Mum, what's a vampire?"
Mother vampire: "Shut up and eat your soup before it clots!"
— Brenda Rainford, Oldham

What kind of stars are dangerous?
Shooting Stars!
— Wayne Denniston, Ireland

SPECIAL READERS' OFFER! 30 SLIMER JOKE BOOKS to be won!



Guess what? The first thirty lucky readers to write in to our offer will be splitting their sides with laughter at the fantastic **Slimer Joke Book** from **Collins!** There are gut-busting, thigh-slapping, rib-tickling jokes packed on to every page.

All you have to do is send a postcard immediately to:
Real Ghostbusters Joke Book Offer,
13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2R 3DX.

Don't forget to put your name and address on the back of the postcard, and remember it's first come, first served.



GHOST WRITING!



Yes, you guessed it! It's your incredibly handsome, fearless Dr Peter Venkman here ready to do battle with yet another monster bag of letters!

Dear Peter...

1. What does Egon do in his spare time?
 2. What do Ray and Winston do?
 3. I have designed a Ghostbuster car with a Proton Gun and Trap, what do you think I should call it?
 4. In Issue ninety-four's Blimey! It's Slimer, I think that they are imagining that it's raining cats and dogs, don't you?
 5. Is someone teaching Egon about ghosts?
- David Cheung, Gants Hill.

Okey dokey, David! 1. Egon spends nearly all of his spare time in his laboratory or studying from his vast collection of occult books. 2. That's something I've been asking myself for years, just what do Ray and Winston do? 3. I'd call it anything you

wanted, after all it can't hear you, can it! 4. Yes, probably! 5. Yes, Tobin.

How come that in the first Ghostbusters Annual in the Weapons, Gizmos and Gadgets part on page fifty-four, it said that you blast the ghost over the Trap, but in 'Ghostbusters II' when you busted the Jogging Ghost you only used the Trap.
— Andrew Phipps, Bognor.

Well, so Egon tells me, the Proton Guns are used to contain rather than blast the ghosts. They are then positioned over the Trap and when the Trap is opened, the ghost is sucked in! Most ghosts are a bit apprehensive about going near the Ghost Traps and that is where the Proton Guns come in useful. So when we busted the Jogging Ghost we didn't actually need the Guns, he was quite willing to run over the Trap on his own. Mind you, if we hadn't disguised the Trap, that would have been a different story!

1. Why are you so stupid in the cartoon?
 2. Why do you only like thin and supposedly pretty women?
 3. Why does Janine always say 'For crying out loud'?
 4. Why doesn't anyone fancy Ray?
 5. Why is Janine the only receptionist, when you said you would hire help in the film?
- Ruth Christie, Kincardineshire.

1. Me? Stupid? What a cheek! I'm dashing, courageous, handsome and incredibly modest. But stupid? What an insult! 2. That's not true. I like

pretty and supposedly thin women! 3. Well, it beats saying 'Stretwh!' 4. They do, but they are always thin and supposedly pretty! 5. Do you know how much the Ghostbusters earn? Well it's not much, so we can't afford another one. Anyway, Janine is so efficient, so thin and so supposedly pretty!

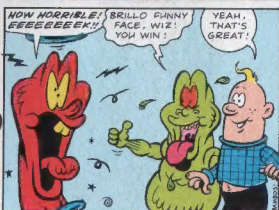
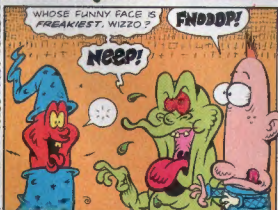
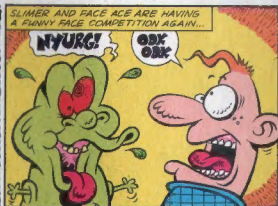
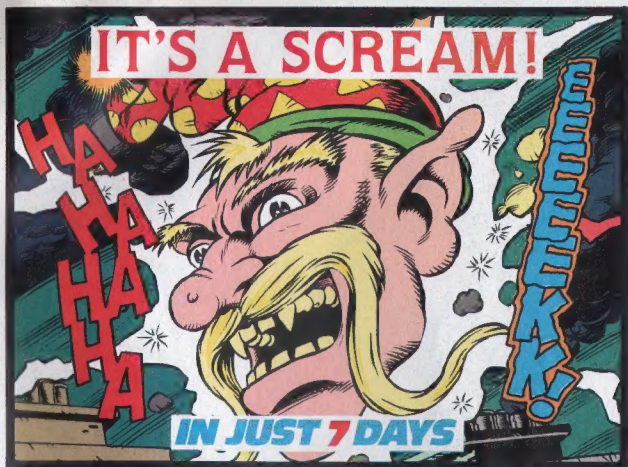
1. What is Egon's IQ?
 2. What is Slimer's IQ?
 3. In 'Demon Dirigible' there were two ECTO-2's. Where did the other one come from?
 4. Also in 'Demon Dirigible' your hair is messed up, but in the next panel your hair is all right again. How is this?
 5. Who would you prefer to face Mr. Stay-Puft or Vigo?
- Joseph Rooney, Coventry

1. Well, it's what makes him so intelligent! 2. Pretty low! 3. It was a spare one, in case the other one got broken! 4. Do you know how long it takes to get me back to my usual immaculate self? Not long I can assure you! 5. Vigo, I guess, but then again, they were both such naughty monkeys that I wouldn't really want to meet either of them again!

1. Why does Janine wear glasses and how many pairs has she got?
 2. Has Slimer got any brothers or sisters?
- Daniel Bratos, Mullion.

1. Strangely enough, Janine wears glasses because she has bad eyesight. We don't pay her enough to have lots of glasses, so she's probably only got the one pair! 2. I sincerely hope not!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2





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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS GLOW-IN-THE-DARK POSTER

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